

Rev^r Hob^r Phelps.

Present.

Regarding your inability to officiate on the mournful occasion, let me assure you, that exclusive of the regret I feel, that sickness should have presented the thoughtful kindness of several members of the church and the tenderness of Rev Mr Townes (who has received my lasting esteem) left me nothing to desire.

Therefore no apologies are necessary. I was aware of your illness, but not of its full extent.

Please my compensation on requiring your health so far as to be able to ride and walk out.

That it may be speedy and permanently restored, so as to warrant the resumption of your labors in the pulpit is the ardent wish of your friends.

Geo Stott Phelps.

H C Ferry.

unclosed, and the mournful reflection comes over me, that the
laughing eyes of my darling boy, whom I have looked upon with so
much pride, will return my gaze of love no more. His singing
voice never again shall thrill my ear with its melody — that I have
received his parting kiss, and heard the last sound of his light and
bounding footstep.

Notwithstanding all this, I acknowledge I have much to be
grateful for. I have enjoyed much in the uninterrupted
possession of my household treasures. My home has been the abode
of peace and love, hitherto unclouded, save by my husband's
absence. Perhaps I fell too secure in my happiness, forgetting
the frail tenure by which I held it — forgetting in my fond
idolatry, that this is a sphere, over which Death holds supreme
sway.

We are all too prone to prone to lose sight of our own mortality
until the shroud, the pall, and the funeral bell, force the
~~despective~~ conviction upon our minds until the tomb's shadowy
portals shut from our gaze the dear form of those we loved.
I feel confident that the spirit of my child is with his Maker,
yet I find it extremely difficult to lift my thoughts above
his shadowy clay. The strong clear eye of faith is wanting
to pierce Death's all's shadow, and enable me to fasten my
thoughts on the undying part, whose habitation is far beyond
the dark valley.

Affection clings to the dear clay,
as though life still were there.

Mrs. H. K. Perry

E. Boston, Feb. 28. 1843,

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East Boston Feb 28. 1843.

Dear Sir,

I cannot withhold from you an expression of the gratitude which your kind and affectionate note, with the accompanying "gift," received last evening, excited in my heart. Be assured, I fully appreciate the benevolent motives, and tender sympathies which prompted the offering.

The current of my grief is not so impetuous, that amid the bosom's wild heaving, in this fearful conflict between Love and Death, I cannot listen to the soothing consolations which ~~do~~ flow from the lips of valued friends. Oh no! they fall with a kindly influence on my ear, and allay as far as possible, natural agony.

From you Sir, whose faith in the Wisdom of Providence has been so sincere, so strenuously pressed, (it would seem almost beyond its powers of endurance) whose heart has been lacerated by the severing of the dearest and holiest of ties, I say from such an one, the testimonies of sympathy and commiseration, have a twofold influence.

Yet after all, nature must have way: my heart must bleed when the object of such yearning care and love is torn from my embrace. The parting pangs are renewed, as oft the wound